

A Foxmatt Publication

# ANDY DEVINE

WESTERN

10¢  
NO. 2



OUR HERO'S AN ABSOLUTE ZERO  
THAT'S WHY HE'S THE JEST OF THE WEST



The following newspaper magazines are easily identified as they come to the reader in a SPECIAL PUBLICATION

CART MARVEL ADVENTURES • GUN LANE WESTERN • THE MAJOR FURRY • FANTASTIC FIGHT ANIMALS  
BIRD COMICS • BROTHERHOOD • BUCKY LANE WESTERN • BUCKY FOR JUNGLE BOYS • BUCKY FOR THE WESTERN  
CART MARVEL AD • JAGGED COMICS • FIVE STAR WESTERN • JAGGED COMICS • JAGGED COMICS  
AND CANNON WESTERN • THE FIVE WESTERN • SIX STAR COMICS • SMILEY BROTHERS WESTERN

Every effort is made to have that there name magazine receive the highest quality of wholesome entertainment

for all America's Readers



ANDY DEVINE HAS A JOB AS CHOP MAN, BUT HE DOESN'T LIKE IT!



WHEN I COULD DO SOMETHING BETTER, LIKE BEING A BUTTERED BREADER!



ANDY DEVINE'S OF BUTTERED BREADER!











BUT I'LL GET OUT OF HERE QUICKLY, JUST IN CASE HE TRAPS ME!















BOOM! SMASH!  
**BLAM!**  
CLANK! BOOM!  
SPLAT! WHOOH!  
POW! KICK-UP!  
**KICK-BACK!**  
BOOM! WHAP!  
CRASH!



HOW MANY ARE THERE?  
HOW MANY ARE THERE?  
HOW MANY ARE THERE?  
HOW MANY ARE THERE?



**AND YOU RECOVERED  
THE PIVOTAL  
ARREST, YOU'RE  
A REAL HERO!**

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS  
50 EAST LEXINGTON AVENUE  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017













# ANDY DEVINE in "ROUGH DIAMONDS"



ONE  
DAY WHEN A MAN WANTS  
A JOB, HE LOOKS  
AT THE GREAT ADVE.  
SO IT WAS WITH  
ANDY DEVINE,  
THE CAMP BOSS,  
WHO COULD MAKE  
A STAKE, LIKE A  
STAKE  
AND NOT BEER.

BUT ANDY COULDN'T  
KNOW THAT WHEN  
HE LOOKED FOR  
THE JOB, HE WAS  
ALSO LOOKING FOR  
DANGER  
AND  
DEATH!

ANDY DEVINE, I  
WANT TO SHARE  
THOSE DIAMONDS  
WITH YOU!

YOU'LL SHARE  
THEM WITH  
NOBODY!

WE'LL TAKE  
THEM ALL AND  
LEAVE YOU BOTH  
DEAD!



One Day

HEY, BOSS! I  
WANT A  
JOB, BOSS.  
NO PAY,  
NO KID?



HEY, BOSS! HERE'S  
THE THING FOR ME.



**WANTED....**  
 FIRST CLASS COOK.  
 WILL GIVE HALF-  
 SHARE OF MY TURKIN  
 TO THE RIGHT MAN.  
 I LOVE TO EAT!  
 ARNOLD DIAMOND JOE  
 JONES, TRUCK OF THE  
 DOLLAR 5000 RANCH

THAT'S FOR US, BOY.  
 LET'S GO! LET'S  
 FIND DIAMOND JOE  
 JONES!

MEETVILLE ON THE TRAIL AHEAD....

WELL, COOKS A  
 LITTLE TONNAGE  
 NO, SURELY WE  
 ARE AKA!

WE DON'T LOOK PROSPEROUS,  
 BUT LET'S BRACK HIM OUR  
 JOSE FOR PRACTICE.

GO AND MEET TWO OF THE CHEAPEST ONE-  
 COOTS WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI, BLACK ANKLE,  
 FIVE.

IF HE DOESN'T  
 SPEAK, I'LL SHOT HIM.

HEY, FELLOWS!

WELL, WE'RE STOPPING  
 ON HIS ONE SADDLE!

WELL, HEY TO  
 DIAMOND JOE'S  
 ROLL BY WITH  
 PAULY!

WHO'S IT TO  
 YOU, ARNOLD-  
 VOICE?

AM A COOK, IM  
 AFTER THE JOE,  
 I'LL BE RICH!

THIS SOUNDS  
 GOOD?

GO THERE ALIVE YONDER TO  
 THE TOWN, INSURE THERE.  
 THEY'LL TELL  
 YOU.

THANKS,  
 STRANGER!













# GUNSMOKE DREAMS

By Kerry Thomas

**H**E WAS a man—small, white-haired old man. Neighbors became accustomed to seeing him sitting in the lumpy California canebox on the chair tilted against the side of the filling station. His name was Jess Hordley, and no one really knew anything about him except that he was surety odd and lived on some sort of pension. He roomed with the Scudlows just up the street, and sometimes he kept watch over the station for Mike Scudlow, the owner.

On this particular afternoon the old man was alone. Trade was slow. And though the old fellow could bottle about and pump gas, if need be, he preferred to rest in the sun and dream.

Sometimes, when nobody was around, he would talk to himself. He did so now.

Tombstone was a real rip-roaring town," he announced to the quiet afternoon. "Wasn't nothing but a madhouse at first, a madhouse in the San Pedro valley where old Ed Scherfstein managed to fight off the Apaches long enough to find silver. But when the silver was found—how they came then! How they swarmed! By 1880 I reckon there was more gamblers and all around gamblers in Tombstone than anywhere else in the country. And no law—except what you carried on your hip!"

Jess stopped warbling and filled his pipe again. He was glad there were no folks around to hear him talking to himself like that. The words just slipped out somehow. He never talked much to young people, but he imagined they would think him a bit touched. It was always the same, he reckoned, and young folks couldn't rightly understand the old. Each one had to live his own life, make his own mistakes.

Speaking of the mistakes—that took him back to Tombstone again! That blaring day so long ago, when he and Big Gertie had been prospecting up in the Dragoon Mountains. They had been careless, too careless, and it had almost cost him his hair. Apaches! Seven of them mounted on straggly little ponies,

whooping like bands as they rode in to make the kill.

That day he and Sam had spotted the Apaches just in time to make the shelter of some rocks. The rocks were breaking in the sun—he remembered the rustle they'd scared away—and they had very little water.

The old man hoped to speak to himself again, gazing wistfully at the line of blue hills on the horizon. He seemed to have forgotten the street, the filling station, the houses around.

"Poor Sam! Got an arrow in his throat the first ten minutes. Died a week later, after I gave him all the water, and I was alone with the Apaches."

They had played a waiting game, shuffling behind the rocks, shouting taunts, boasting of the tortures he could expect when his ammunition was gone. Good thing they hadn't rushed him because that had saved his life. Another party of men, prospecting nearby, heard the shots and came to his rescue. That night he had ridden back to Tombstone with the party.

Not that living in Tombstone was any guarantee of a long life! Not by a long way! He had been young then, barely twenty, but he remembered vividly the sort of men who dominated the silver town. As tough as you could find anywhere. Killers a lot of them. Either on the side of the law, or against it. Gunfighters every one of them, with tempers even faster than their guns. He had known scores of such men, willing to make their fortunes on the turn of a card or their lives on the speed of a draw.

The old man sighed. Being an old papa wouldn't stay in for anything. He eyed his bow chair against the filling station. What was taking that Scudlow, had he infernal long? A nice young fellow with a wife and new baby. A veteran of the Pacific war, and he'd wait every dime he could make or borrow into the filling station. Young folks had their troubles, today, same as he'd had.

His thoughts drifted away again. That night in Tombstone when he had stood side by side with Sheriff Hedley against the Rucky Indians. His first gun fight! Never before had he



lured a man and drove in anger. And with his agitation made more persistent insistence of something he had promised his Daddy long years before—that he would never kill a man. Not if he could possibly avoid it. Jess Morley's chuckle quivered deep in his strong, weathered throat. Jigger—he had been scared! Didn't want to kill the man—yet knowing he couldn't back down. Not in Tombston! The Barbys were mean, with a reputation for killing because they liked it, and the light had blown up suddenly as light had a way of doing those days.

Jess remembered Dad's words as though it had been yesterday. Doc with the cold eyes and nerves like steel wires. "Get set," Doc had whispered. "Draw first. Crowd them, get in close as your gun there will blind them."

Jess had survived, but after it was all over he had been shaking like a catwalked in a gale. It had never become bad after that—and he had never killed a man. Always he shot for the wrist, or the leg, and somehow he had gotten by, had lived.

The old man blinked and came back to the California car. All that had happened so long ago. Of all the men he had known in those days—only he was alive today. A strange thing.

Time crunched in the gravel beside the gas pumps. A car stopped and a big young man got out and stretched. He saw Jess and said, "Hey, Pop! How about some gas? Soap it up, we ain't got all day."

Jess bobbed toward the pumps. On hot days like this his rheumatism wasn't so bad, and he could stand with steady, bent only a little at the shoulders.

There was another mild in the car, behind the wheel. He glanced at the old man as he took down the hose and set the regulator. The man asked, "They leave you here all alone, Dad? Looks like that hose is too much for you."

Jess was silent. Just kids? Well, in their twenties, but kids to him. Smart studs too. He entered the income plates of the car. Out of state and, by the looks of the car, it had been driven long and hard.

The big young man handed him a twenty, and just bobbed into the station to make change. When he turned his hands full of bills, the man was behind him. He was pointing a snub-nosed revolver at the old man's stomach.

"Gimme the dough," he rapped. "Just hand it over and you won't get hurt." His laugh was ugly. "You're too old for excitement, old timer. If the gun goes off it might scare you to death."

Jess handed him the money, watched as he slipped more from the cash drawer. There was a lot of it, too much, because Mike had put

off going to the bank. More than Mike could afford to lose with things going the way they were.

The hands backed toward the door, stuffing the rest of bills in his own pocket. "Okay, Pop. Fine! You just stay there till we're gone, see."

The other man called from the car. "Come on! Never mind that old fool! We got to get out of here!"

As the hands turned his back and ran for the car Jess reached into the cash drawer, his back so where the revolver lay against the partition. His gaunt hand fished like a brown claw around the cool butt of the gun. Even as he spun toward the open door he thought, "Never thought I'd see another shooting here."

As he tossed the gun on his target his hand began to tremble. He was so old, it had been so long since he'd opened a trigger! And he didn't want to kill those young fellows. Maybe they deserved it, maybe they didn't, but he wasn't a judge. He just had to stop them from taking Mike's money. His finger tightened on the trigger. Had just love to hope that some steel of his still remained.

The gun backed in his hand like a live thing. The shot went wide, ripping into the car. Jess could chuckle, even as that terror moment. Shaking like that would never have gotten by in the old days.

The shot was not wasted, because it startled the man at the wheel that he stalled the motor. Before he could find the motor again he was nursing a shattered wrist, moaning in pain and out of the fight.

The second hand, lying at Jess, scrambled over the screaming man and fired at Jess again from behind the car. A bullet tagged at the old man's sleeve. He took careful aim. A difficult shot—he would be easy to kill. Jess squeezed off his last shot, saw the hand's slump to the ground, red staining his left shoulder.

When the police had come and gone, taking the two wounded men to jail, a small crowd gathered around old Jess Morley. They all cheered at once, praising and wondering.

Mike Eganlin, his money safe, stared at the old man in awe. "Gee, old timer. Where did you learn to shoot like that? Wasn't you afraid of those thugs? You did swell, of course, but after all you're an—"

Jess smiled. "I know Mike. I'm just an old man. And I was scared, and A. scared as I ever been in my whole life."

It was the truth, too. It would have been a terrible thing had he killed that man. Jess smiled then. He hadn't—and that long ago promise to his Daddy was still unbroken. And as one need ever know that when he winged the hand in the shoulder, he was really aiming at his fate.

THE END

# ANDY DEVINE

in

**HORSE  
SENSE  
LESS**



**H**is horse named Moss is Andy Devine's best friend and closest companion. Moss is a great animal whose lightning speed is unparalleled, except pushed by his lightning brass. He's so smart he can do everything but talk. Yet it is this bright, brilliant, brainy brute who gets Andy into this fix!

Andy Devine and his mighty horse, Moss, made star on one of the Purple Hells.

MOSS, I WISH HE COULD TALK THE FAMOUS LOOT SILVERHILL THING SUPPOSED TO BE UP HERE IN THE PURPLE HILLS SOMEWHERE.



SOMETHING THEY CALL IT THE BAD LUCK MINE BECAUSE SO MANY MEN HAVE SEARCHED FOR IT AND FAILED - FAILED HARDLY BECAUSE THEY GOT (GUESS) KILLED!





Andy arrives as he spots a faded sign on the small tunnel.



Andy is ecstatic at his discovery.



HOORAY! WE'RE RICH!

HO HO, BUSTARD, YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO AWAY. YOU MAY HAVE GOT OTHER WAGGERS AND SEARCHED FOR THE BAD LUCK HERE, BUT YOU WON'T GET ME!



Look out, Andy!



WE'RE TOO HEAVY FOR RESISTANCE ON HORSE!



OOOHHHH!

After a considerable struggle, Andy realizes he can't budge!



I'M STUCK! GOT TO BEING A HORSE FOR HELP!

BUT I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THAT HORSE DOESN'T TAKE THIS HOPE TO JUST ANYBODY. PLENTY OF OUTLAW IN THESE HILLS - THEY'D GOAL!



ALL ME!

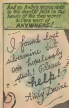


After cutting a star shaped piece of tin from the back of Hess, Andy looks it up for Hess to see.



By lucky chance, the sheriff and a deputy are passing by another section of the Pecos valley.









Hops who **CAN** run like lightning, refuses to budge!







## QUIZ...


 1. The first step is to identify the problem.

Page 10 of 10



**U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE**  
**OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL**  
**WASHINGTON, D.C. 20530**



**□ □ □ □ □**



**WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT?**  
**BEHOLD—REVEALS**  
**AN ANSWER**

Page 10 of 10

[illegible]

TARNATION!  
CAN'T REMEMBER  
WHAT I WAS  
TRYING TO  
FORGET!

